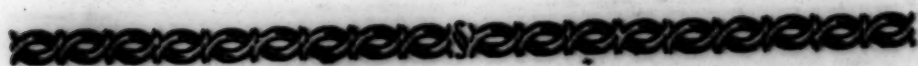


A N
O L D M A N
TAUGHT
W I S D O M:
O R, T H E
V I R G I N U N M A S K ' D .



[Price One Shilling.]

Fielding

Harding D1069

O

V

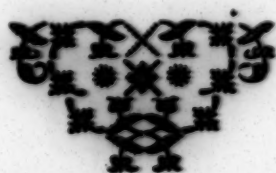
A

AN
OLD MAN
TAUGHT
WISDOM:
OR, THE
VIRGIN UNMASK'D.
A F A R C E.

As it is Acted at the THEATRE-ROYAL,
in DRURY-LANE.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

The FIFTH EDITION.



L O N D O N:
Printed for A. MILLAR, in the Strand.
MDCCCLXV.



A
T A B L E
OF THE
S O N G S.

AIR 1. <i>Do you, Papa, but find a Coach,</i>	Page 10
2. <i>When he in a Coach can be carry'd,</i>	12
3. <i>In Women we Beauty or Wit may admire,</i>	14
4. <i>Ab, be not angry, good dear Sir,</i>	17
5. <i>Ab, Sir! I guess,</i>	19
6. <i>La! what swinging Lies some People will</i> <i>tell</i>	21
7. <i>O press me not, Sir, to be Wife,</i>	24
8. <i>Dearest Charmer,</i>	28
9. <i>Excuse me, Sir; Zounds, what d'ye mean,</i>	29
10. <i>Did Mortal e'er see two such Fools,</i>	30
11. <i>Ob dear Papa! don't look so grum,</i>	36
12. <i>Had your Daughter been physick'd well, Sir,</i> <i>as she ought</i>	37

Dramatis

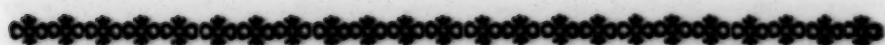
Dramatis Personæ.

Goodwill,	Mr. Shepard.
Lucy, <i>his Daughter,</i>	Mrs. Clive.
Blister, <i>an Apothecary,</i>	Mr. Harper.
Coupee, <i>a Dancing-Master.</i>	Mr. Laguerre.
Quaver, <i>a Singing-Master,</i>	Mr. Salway.
Wormwood, <i>a Lawyer,</i>	Mr. Macklin.
Mr. Thomas, <i>a Footman,</i>	Mr. Este.

SCENE, *A Hall in Goodwill's House in the Country.*



A N
O L D M A N
T A U G H T
W I S D O M.



S C E N E,
A Hall in Mr. GOODWILL's House.

GOODWILL *solus.*

WELL! it is to me surprizing, that out of the Multitudes who feel a Pleasure in getting an Estate, few or none shou'd taste a Satisfaction in bestowing it. Doubtless, a good Man must have vast Delight in rewarding Merit, nor will I believe it so difficult to be found. I am at present, I thank Heaven, and my own Industry, worth a good 10,000*l.* and an only

only Daughter, both which I have determin'd to give to the most worthy of my poor Relations. The Transport I feel from the Hope of making some honest Man happy, makes me amends for the many weary Days and sleepless Nights my Riches have cost me. I have sent to summon 'em. The Girl I have bred up under my own Eye; she has seen nothing, knows nothing, and has consequently no Will but mine. I have no Reason to doubt her Consent to whatever Choice I shall make.—How happily must my Old Age slide away, between the Affection of an innocent and dutiful Child, and the grateful Return I may expect from a so much obliged Son-in-law! I am certainly the happiest Man on Earth. Here she comes.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Did you send for me, Papa?

Good. Yes; come hither, Child. I have sent for you to mention an Affair to you, which you, I believe, have not yet thought of.

Lucy. I hope it is not to send me to a Boarding-School, Papa.

Good. I hope my Indulgence to you has been such, that you have Reason to regard me as the best of Fathers. I am sure I have never deny'd you any thing, but for your own Good: Indeed I have consulted nothing else. It is that for which I have been toiling these many Years; for which I have deny'd myself every Comfort in Life; and from which I

I

have,

have, from renting a Farm of 500 a Year, amassed the Sum of 10,000 *l*.

Lucy. I am afraid you are angry with me, Papa.

Good. Be not frighten'd, my dear Child, you have done nothing to offend me. But answer me one Question—What does my little Dear think of a Husband?

Lucy. A Husband, Papa! O la!

Good. Come, it is a Question a Girl in her Sixteenth Year may answer. Shou'd you like to have a Husband, Lucy?

Lucy. And am I to have a Coach?

Good. No, no: What has that to do with a Husband?

Lucy. Why you know, Papa, Sir *John Wealthy's* Daughter was carry'd away in a Coach by her Husband; and I have been told by several of our Neighbours, that I was to have a Coach when I was married. Indeed, I have dreamt of it a hundred times. I never dreamt of a Husband in my whole Life, that I did not dream of a Coach. I have rid about in one all Night in my Sleep, and methought it was the purest thing! —

Good. Lock up a Girl as you will, I find, you cannot keep her from evil Counsellors. [*Aside.*] I tell you, Child, you must have no Coach with a Husband.

Lucy. Then let me have a Coach without a Husband.

Good. What, had you rather have a Coach than a Husband?

Lucy. Hum—I don't know that——But, if you'll get me a Coach, let me alone, I'll warrant I'll get me a Husband.

AIR I. THOMAS, I CANNOT.

*Do you, Papa, but find a Coach,
And leave the other to me, Sir;
For that will make the Lover approach,
And I warrant we shan't disagree, Sir,
No Sparks will talk
To Girls that walk,
I've heard it, and I confide in't:
Do you then fix
My Coach and Six,
I warrant I get one to ride in't, to ride in't,
I warrant, &c.*

Good. The Girl is out of her Wits, sure. Hussy! who put these Thoughts into your Head? You shall have a good sober Husband, that will teach you better things.

Lucy. Ay, but I won't tho', if I can help it; for Miss *Jenny Flant-it* says, a sober Husband is the worst sort of Husband in the World.

Good. I have a mind to sound the Girl's Inclinations. Come hither, *Lucy*; tell me now, of all the Men you ever saw, whom shou'd you like best for a Husband?

Lucy. O fy, Papa, I must not tell.

Good. Yes, you may your Father.

Lucy,

Lucy. No, Miss *Jenny* says I must not tell my Mind to any Man whatever. She never tells a Word of Truth to her Father.

Good. Miss *Jenny* is a wicked Girl, and you must not regard her. Come, tell me the Truth, or I shall be angry.

Lucy. Why then, of all the Men I ever saw in my whole Life-time, I like Mr. *Thomas*, my Lord *Bounce's* Footman the best, a hundred thousand times.

Good. Oh, fy upon you! like a Footman?

Lucy. A Footman! he looks a thousand times more like a Gentleman than either Squire *Foxchase* or Squire *Tankard*, and talks more like one, ay, and smells more like one too. His Head is so prettily drest, done all down upon the Top with Sugar, like a frosted Cake, with three little Curls on each side, that you may see his Ears as plain! and then his Hair is done up behind just like a fine Lady's, with a little little Hat, and a Pair of charming white Stockings, as neat and as fine as any white-legg'd Fowl; and he always carries a great swinging Stick in his Hand, as big as himself, that he wou'd knock any Dog down with, who was to offer to bite me. A Footman indeed! why Miss *Jenny* likes him as well as I do, and she says, all the fine young Gentlemen that the Ladies in *London* are so fond of, are just such Persons as he is.—Icod, I shou'd have had him before now, but that Folks told me I shou'd have a Man with a Coach, and that methinks I had rather have, a great deal.

Good. I am amaz'd! But I abhor the mercenary

Temper in the Girl, worse than all.—What, Child, wou'd you have any one with a Coach? Wou'd you have Mr. Achum?

Lucy. Yes indeed, wou'd I, for a Coach.

Good. Why, he is a Cripple, and can scarce walk a-crofs the Room.

Lucy. What signifies that?

AIR II. WULLY HONEY.

*When be in a Coach can be carry'd,
 What need has a Man to go?
 That Women for Coaches are marry'd,
 I'm not such a Child but I know.
 But if the poor crippled Elf
 In Coach be not able to roam,
 Why then I can go by myself,
 And be may e'en stay at home.*

Enter Blister.

Blift. Mr. Goodwill, your humble Servant. I have rid twelve long Miles in little more than an Hour. I am glad to see you so well; I was afraid, by your Message——

Good. That I had wanted your Advice, I suppose; truly, Coz, I sent for you on a better Account——

Lucy, this is a Relation of yours, you have not seen a great while, my Cousin *Blister*, the Apothecary.

Lucy. O la! I hope that great huge Man is not to be my Husband.

Blift.

Bliss. My Cousin is well grown, and looks healthy. What Apothecary do you employ? He deals in good Drugs, I warrant him.

Good. Plain wholesome Food and Exercise are what she deals in.

Bliss. Plain wholesome Food is very proper at some time of the Year, with gentle Physick between whiles.

Good. Leave us a little, my dear *Lucy*, I must talk with your Cousin.

Lucy. Yes, Papa, with all my Heart—I hope I shall never see that great Thing again. [*Exit.*

Good. I believe you begin to wonder at my Message, and will perhaps more, when you know the Occasion of it. In short, without more Preface, I begin to find myself going out of the World, and my Daughter very eager to come into it. I have therefore resolv'd to see her settled without farther Delay. I am far from thinking vast Wealth necessary to Happiness: Wherefore, as I can give her a sufficient Competency, I have determined to marry her to one of my own Relations. It will please me, that the Fruits of my Labour should not go out of the Family. I have sent to several of my Kinsmen, of whom she shall take her Choice; and as you are the first here, if you like my Proposal, you shall make the first Application.

Bliss. With all my Heart, Cousin; and I am very much oblig'd to you. Your Daughter seems an agreeable young Woman, and I have no Aversion to Marriage. But pray, why do you think yourself
going

going out of the World? Proper Care might continue you in it a considerable while. Let me feel your Pulse.

Good. To oblige you; tho' I am in very good Health.

Bliss. A little feverish—I wou'd advise you to lose a little Blood, and take an Emulsion, with a gentle Emetick and Cathartick.

Good. No, no, I will send my Daughter to you; but pray keep your Physick to yourself, dear Cousin. [*Exit.*]

Bliss. This Man is near Seventy, and, I have heard, never took any Physick in his Life, and yet he looks as well as if he had been under the Doctor's Hands all his Life-time. 'Tis strange; but if I marry his Daughter, the sooner he dies, the better. It is an odd Whim of his to marry her in this manner; but he is very rich, and so, so much the better—What a strange Dowdy 'tis! No matter, her Fortune is never the worse.

AIR III. ROUND, ROUND THE MILL.

In Women we Beauty or Wit may admire;

Sing Trol, lerol.

But sure as we have them, as surely they'll tire;

Ob ho, will they so?

Abroad for these Dainties the Wise therefore roam,

Sing Trol lerol:

And frugally keep but a plain Dish at home;

Ob ho, do they so?

Who

*Who marries a Beauty, must bate her when old;
Sing Trol lerol.*

*But the elder it grows, the more precious the Gold.
Oh ho, is it so?*

Enter Lucy.

Oh, here comes my Mistress: What a Pox shall I say to her? I never made Love in my Life.

Lucy. Papa has sent me hither; but if it was not for fear of a Boarding School, I am sure I wou'd not have come; but they say I shall be whipt there, and a Husband can't whip me, let me do what I will; that's one good thing.

Blist. Won't you please to sit down, Cousin?

Lucy. Yes, thank you, Sir.—Since I must stay with you, I may as well sit down as not. [*Aside.*

Blist. Pray, Cousin, how do you find yourself?

Lucy. Find myself?

Blist. Yes, How do you do? Let me feel your Pulse. How do you sleep o'Nights?

Lucy. How? why upon my Back, generally.

Blist. But I mean, do you sleep without Interruption? are you not restless?

Lucy. I tumble and toss a good deal sometimes.

Blist. Hum! Pray how long do you usually sleep?

Lucy. About ten or eleven Hours.

Blist. Is your Stomach good? Do you eat with an Appetite? How often do you find in a Day any Inclination to eat?

Lucy. Why, a good many times; but I don't eat
a great

a great deal, unless it be at Breakfast, Dinner, and Supper, and Afternoon's Nunchion.

Bliss. Hum! I find you have at present no absolute need of an Apothecary.

Lucy. I am glad to hear that—I wish he was gone with all my Heart. [*Aside.*]

Bliss. I suppose, Cousin, your Father has mentioned to you the Affair I am come upon; may I hope you will comply with him, in making me the happiest Man upon Earth?

Lucy. You need not ask me, you know I must do what he bids me.

Bliss. May I then hope you will make me your Husband?

Lucy. I must do what he'll have me.

Bliss. What makes you cry, Miss? Pray tell me what is the matter.

Lucy. No, you will be angry with me, if I tell you.

Bliss. I angry! it is not in my Power, I can't be angry with you; I am to be afraid of your Anger, not you of mine; I must not be angry with you, whatever you do.

Lucy. What, must not you be angry, let me do what I will?

Bliss. No, my Dear.

Lucy. Why then, by Godes! I will tell you—I hate you, and I can't abide you.

Bliss. What have I done to deserve your Hate?

Lucy. You have done nothing; but you are such a great ugly thing, I can't bear to look at you; and
if

if my Papa was to lock me up for a Twelvemonth, I should hate you still.

Bliss. Did not you tell me just now, you wou'd make me your Husband?

Lucy. Yes, so I will for all that.

AIR IV. NOW PONDER WELL, &c.

Ab, be not angry, good dear Sir,

Nor do not tell Papa;

For tho' I can't abide you, Sir,

I'll marry you——O la!

Bliss. Well, my Dear, if you can't abide me, I can't help that, nor you can't help it; and if you will not tell your Father, I assure you I will not; besides, my Dear, as for liking me, do not give yourself any Trouble about that, it is the very best Reason for marrying me; no Lady now marries any one but whom she hates; hating one another is the chief End of Matrimony. It is what most Couples do before they are marry'd, and all after it. I fancy you have not a right Notion of a marry'd Life. I suppose you imagine we are to be fond, and kiss, and hug one another as long as we live.

Lucy. Why, an't we?

Bliss. Ha, ha, ha! an't we! no! How ignorant it is! [*Aside.*] Marrying is nothing but living in the same House together, and going by the same Name; while I am following my Business, you will be following your Pleasure; so that we shall rarely meet

but at Meals, and then we are to sit at opposite Ends of the Table, and make Faces at each other.

Lucy. I shall like that prodigiously—Ah, but there is one thing tho'—an't we to lie together?

Bliss. A Fortnight, no longer.

Lucy. A Fortnight! that's a long time: but it will be over.

Bliss. Ay, and then you may have any one else.

Lucy. May I? then I'll have Mr. *Thomas*, by Godes! why this is pure, la! they told me other Stories. I thought when I had been marry'd, I must have never liked any one but my Husband, and that if I shou'd, he wou'd kill me; but I thought one thing tho' with myself, that I cou'd like another Man without letting him know it, and then a Fig for him.

Bliss. Ay, ay, they tell Children strange Stories; I warrant they have told you, you must be govern'd by your Husband.

Lucy. My Papa tells me so.

Bliss. But all the married Women in *England* will tell you another Story.

Lucy. So they have already, for they say I must not be govern'd by a Husband; and they say another thing too, that you will tell me one Story before Marriage, and another afterwards, for that Marriage alters a Man prodigiously.

Bliss. No, Child, I shall be just the same Creature I am now, unless in one Circumstance; I shall have a huge Pair of Horns upon my Head.

Lucy. Shall you! that's pure, ha, ha, what a comical

mical Figure you will make! but how will you make 'em grow?

Blist. It is you that will make 'em grow.

Lucy. Shall I? by Goles! then I'll do't as soon as ever I can; for I long to see 'em! do, tell me how I shall do it.

Blist. Every other Man you kifs, I shall have a Pair of Horns grow.

Lucy. By Goles, then, you shall have Horns enough; but I fancy you are joking now.

AIR V. BUFF-COAT.

Ab Sir, I guess

You are a fibbing Creature.

Blist. *Because, dear Miss,*

You know not Human Nature.

Lucy. *Marry'd Men, I'll be sworn,*

I have seen without Horn.

Blist. *Ab Child! you want Art to unlock it:*

The Secret here lies,

Men now are so wise,

To carry their Horns in their Pocket.

Lucy. But you shall wear yours on your Head, for I shall like 'em better than any other thing about you.

Blist. Well then, Miss, I may depend upon you.

Lucy. And may I depend upon you?

Blist. Yes, my Dear.

Lucy. Ah, but don't call me so ; I hate you should call me so.

Bliss. Oh Child, all marry'd People call one another *My Dear*, let 'em hate one another as much as they will.

Lucy. Do they ? Well then, my Dear—Hum, I think there is not any great Matter in the Word, neither.

Bliss. Why, amongst your fine Gentry, there is scarce any Meaning in any thing they say. Well, I'll go to your Papa, and tell him we have agreed upon Matters, and have the Wedding instantly.

Lucy. The sooner the better.

Bliss. Your Servant, my pretty Dear. [Exit.

Lucy. Your Servant, my Dear. Nasty, greasy, ugly Fellow. Well, Marriage is a charming thing tho' : I long to be married more than ever I did for any thing in my Life ; since I am to govern, I'll warrant I'll do it purely. By Goles, I'll make him know who is at home—Let me see, I'll practise a little. Suppose that Chair was my Husband ; and ecod ! by all I can find, a Chair is as proper for a Husband as any thing else ; now says my Husband to me, *How do you do, my Dear ?* Lard ! my Dear, I don't know how I do ! not the better for you ; *Pray, my Dear, let us dine early To-day.* Indeed, my Dear, I can't—*Do you intend to go abroad To-day ?* No, my Dear ! *Then you will stay at home :* No, my Dear ! *Shall we ride out ?* No, my Dear. *Shall we go a Visiting ?* No, my Dear—I will never do any thing

thing I am bid, that I am resolv'd; and then Mr. Thomas, O good! I am out of my Wits.

AIR VI. BESSY BELL.

*La! what swinging Lies some People will tell!
I thought when another I'd wedded,
I must have bid poor Mr. Thomas farewell,
And none but my Husband have bedded.
But I find I'm deceiv'd, for as Michaelmas Day
Is still the Fore-runner of Lammas,
So wedding another is but the right way
To come at my dear Mr. Thomas.*

Enter Coupee.

Heyday! what fine Gentleman is this?

Coup. Cousin, your most obedient, and devoted humble Servant.

Lucy. I find this is one of your fine Gentry, by his not having any Meaning in his Words.

Coup. I have not the Honour to be known to you, Cousin; but your Father has been so kind to give me Admission to your fair Hands.

Lucy. O Gemini Cancer! What a fine charming Man this is?

Coup. My Name, Madam, is *Coupee*, and I have the Honour to be a Dancing-Master.

Lucy. And are you come to teach me to Dance?

Coup. Yes, my Dear, I am come to teach you a very pretty Dance. Did you never learn to Dance?

Lucy.

Lucy. No, Sir, not I, only Mr. *Thomas* taught me, one, two, three.

Coup. That is a very great Fault in your Education, and it will be a great Happiness for you to amend it, by having a Dancing-Master for your Husband.

Lucy. Yes, Sir, but I am not to have a Dancing-Master : my Papa says, I am to have a nasty stinking Apothecary.

Coup. Your Papa says ! What signifies what your Papa says ?

Lucy. What, must I not mind what my Papa says ?

Coup. No, no, you are to follow your own Inclinations. I think if she has any Eyes, I may venture to trust 'em. [*Aside.*] Your Father is a very comical queer old Fellow, a very odd kind of a silly Fellow, and you ought to laugh at him. I ask Pardon tho' for my Freedom.

Lucy. You need not ask my Pardon, for I am not at all angry ; for between you and I, I think him as odd, queer a Fellow, as you can do for your Life. I hope you won't tell him what I say.

Coup. I tell him ! I hate him for his barbarous Usage of you ; to lock up a young Lady of Beauty, Wit and Spirit, without ever suffering her to learn to Dance ! Why, Madam, not learning to Dance, is absolute Ruin to a young Lady. I suppose he took care enough you shou'd learn to read.

Lucy. Yes, I can read very well, and spell too.

Coup.

Coup. Ay, there it is; why now, that's more than I can do. All Parents take care to instruct their Children in low mechanical Things, while the genteel Sciences are neglected. Forgive me, Madam, at least, if I throw myself at your Feet, and vow never to rise till lifted up with the elevating Fire of your Smiles.

Lucy. Lard Sir? I don't know what to say to these fine things—he's a pure Man. [*Aside.*

Coup. Might I hope to obtain the least Spark of your Love, the least Spark, Madam, would blow up a Flame in me, that nothing ever cou'd quench. O hide those lovely Eyes, nor dart their fiery Rays upon me, lest I am consumed.—Shall I hope you will think of me?

Lucy. I shall think of you more than I will let you know. [*Aside.*

Coup. Will you not answer me?

Lucy. La! you make me blush so, I know not what to say.

Coup. Ay, that is from not having learnt to Dance; a Dancing-Master would have cur'd her of that. Let me teach you what to say, that I may hope you will condescend to make me your Husband.

Lucy. No, I won't say that, but——

AIR VII. TWEED SIDE.

*O press me not, Sir, to be Wife
 To a Man whom I never can hate ;
 So sweet a fine Gentleman's Life,
 Shou'd never be sour'd with that Fate.*

*But soon as I married have been,
 Ungrateful I will not be nam'd ;
 Ob stay but a Fortnight, and then,
 And then you shall——Ob, I'm asham'd.*

Coup. A Fortnight ! bid me live to the Age of
 —— of —— Mr. What's-his-Name, the oldest Man
 that ever liv'd ; live a Fortnight after you are mar-
 ry'd ! No, unless you resolve to have me, I will re-
 solve to put an End to myself.

Lucy. O do not do that ; but indeed I never can
 hate you, and the Apothecary says no Woman mar-
 ries any Man she does not hate.

Coup. Ha, ha, ha ! Such mean Fellows as those
 every fine Lady must hate ; but when they marry
 fine Gentlemen, they love them as long as they live.

Lucy. O but I would not have you think I love
 you. I assure you, I don't love you ; I have been
 told I must not tell any Man I love him. I don't
 love you, indeed I don't.

Coup. But may I not hope you will ?

Lucy. Lard, Sir, I can't help what you hope ; it
 is equal to me what you hope. Miss Jenny says, I
 must always give myself Airs to a Man I like. [*Aside.*

Coup.

Coup. Hope, Madam, at least, you may allow me; the cruellest of your Sex, the greatest Tyrants deny not Hope.

Lucy. No, I won't give you the least Crumb of Hope.—Hope indeed! what do you take me for? I'll assure you! No, I would not give you the least Bit of Hope, tho' I was to see you die before my Face. It is a pure thing to give one's self Airs.

[*Aside.*

Coup. Since nothing but my Death will content you, you shall be satisfy'd even at that Price. [*Pulls out his Kitt.*] Ha! cursed Fate! I have no other Instrument of Death about me than a Sword, which won't draw. But I have thought of a Way; within the Orchard, there is an Apple-tree; there, there, Madam! you shall see me hanging by the Neck.

There shall you see your Dancing-Master die,
As *Bateman* hang'd for Love—e'en so will I.

Lucy. O stay!—La! Sir, you're so hasty—Must I tell you the first time I see you? Miss *Jenny Flant-it* has been courted these two Years by half a Dozen Men, and nobody knows which she'll have yet, and must not I be courted at all? I will be courted, indeed so I will.

Coup. And so you shall; I will court you after we are married.

Lucy. But will you indeed?

Coup. Yes indeed; but if I should not, there are others enough that wou'd.

D

Lucy.

Lucy. But I did not think married Women had ever been courted tho'.

Coup. That's all owing to your not learning to Dance! why there are abundance of Women who marry for no other Reason, as there are several Men who never court any but married Women.

Lucy. Well then, I don't much care if I do marry you; but hold, there is one thing—but that does not much signify.

Coup. What is it, my Dear?

Lucy. Only I promis'd the Apothecary just now; that's all.

Coup. Well, shall I fly then, and put ev'ry thing in Readiness?

Lucy. Ay, do; I'm ready.

Coup. One Kiss before I go, my dearest Angel, and now one, two, three and away. [Exit.

Lucy. Oh dear, sweet Man! He's as handsome as an Angel, and as fine as a Lord. He is handsomer than Mr. *Thomas*, and icod! almost as well drest. I see now why my Father wou'd never let me learn to Dance. For, by Godes! if all Dancing-Masters be such fine Men as this, I wonder every Woman does not dance away with one. O la, now I think on't, he pull'd out his Fidling Thing, and I did not ask him to play a Tune upon't—but when we are married, I'll make him play upon't: icod, he shall teach me to dance too—he shall play, and I'll dance; that will be pure. O la! what's here? another Beau!

Enter

Enter Quaver.

Quav. Madam, your Servant. I suppose my Cousin *Goodwill* has told you of the Happiness he designs me.

Lucy. No, Sir, my Papa has not told me any thing about you. Who are you, pray?

Quav. I have the Honour of being a distant Relation of yours, and I hope to be a nearer one. My Name is *Quaver*, Madam; I have the Honour to teach some of the first Quality to sing.

Lucy. And are you come to teach me to sing?

Quav. I like her Desire to learn to sing; it is a Proof of an excellent understanding. [*Aside.*] Yes, Madam, I will be proud to teach you any thing in my Power; and do believe I shall not yield to any one in the Science of Singing.

Lucy. Well, and I shall be glad to learn; for I have been told I have a tolerable Voice, only I don't know the Notes.

Quav. That, Madam, may be acquired, a Voice cannot. A Voice must be the Gift of Nature, and it is the greatest Gift Nature can bestow. All other Perfections, without a Voice, are nothing at all. Musick is allow'd by all wise Men to be the noblest of the Sciences: whoever knows Musick, knows every thing.

Lucy. Come then, begin to teach me, for I long to learn.

Quav. Hereafter I shall have time enough. But

at present I have something of a different Nature to say to you.

Lucy. What have you to say?

AIR VIII. DIMI CARO.

Dearest Charmer!
Will you then bid me tell
What you discern so well,
By my expiring Sighs,
My doating Eyes,
My doating Eyes?
Look thro' th' instructive Grove,
Each Object prompts to Love;
See how the Turtles play,
Each Object prompts to Love;
All Nature tells you what I'd say.

Lucy. O charming! delightful!

Quav. May I hope you'll grant—

Lucy. Another Song, and I'll do any thing.

Quav. Dearest Creature,
Pride of Nature!
All your Glances
Give me Trances,
Dearest, &c.

Lucy. Oh, I melt, I faint, I swoon, I die!

Quav. May I hope you'll be mine?

Luc

Lucy. Will you charm me so every Day?

Quav. And ev'ry Night too, my Angel.

Enter Coupee.

Coup. Heyday! what do I see? my Mistress in another Man's Arms? Sir, will you do me the Favour to tell me what Business you have with that Lady?

Quav. Pray, Sir, be so good as to tell me what Business you have to ask?

Coup. Sir!

Quav. Sir!

Coup. Sir, this Lady is my Mistress.

Quav. I beg to be excus'd for that, Sir.

Coup. Sir!

Quav. Sir!

AIR IX. OF ALL THE SIMPLE, &c.

Coup. Excuse me, Sir; Zounds, what d'ye mean?

I hope you don't give me the Lye.

Quav. Sir, you mistake me quite and clean;

Indeed, good Sir, not I.

Coup. Zounds, Sir, if you had, I'd been mad,

But I'm very glad that you don't.

Quav. Do you challenge me, Sir?

Coup. Not I, indeed, Sir.

Quav. Indeed, Sir, I'm very glad on't.

Lucy.

Lucy. Pray, Gentlemen, what's the Matter? I beseech you speak to me, one of you.

Coup. Have I not Reason? Did I not find you in his Arms?

Quav. And have I not Reason? Did he not say you was his Mistress, to my Face?

AIR X. MOLLY MOG.

Lucy. Did Mortal e'er see two such Fools?

*For nothing they're going to fight;
I begin to find Men are but Tools,
And both with a Whisper I'll bite.*

With you I am ready to go, Sir,

*I'll give t'other Fool a Rebuff; [To Coupee.
Stay you but a Fortnight, or so, Sir,
I warrant I'll grant you enough. [To Quaver.*

Quav. Damnation!

Coup. Hell and Confusion! [*They draw, Lucy runs out.*

Enter Blister.

Blift. For Heaven's Sake, Gentlemen! what's the Matter? I profess I am afraid you are both disorder'd. Pray, Sir, give me Leave to feel your Pulse; I wish you are not light-headed.

Coup. What is it to you, Sir, what I am?

Quav. How dare you interfere between Gentlemen, Sirrah?

Coup. I have a great Mind to break my Sword about your Head, you Dog!

Quav. I have a great Mind to run you thro' the Body, you Rascal!

Coup. Do you know who we are?

Quav. Ay, ay, do you know whom you have to do with?

Blift. Dear Gentlemen, pray Gentlemen. — I wish I had nothing to do with you; I meant no Harm.

Coup. So much the worse, Sirrah; so much the worse.

Quav. Do you know what it is to anger Gentlemen?

Enter Goodwill.

Good. Heyday! What, are you fencing here, Gentlemen?

Blift. Fencing, Quotha! they have almost fenced me out of my Senses, I am sure.

Coup. I shall take another Time.

Quav. And so shall I.

Good. I hope there is no Anger between you. You are nearer Relations than you imagine to each other. — Mr. *Quaver*, you was sent out of *England* young; and you, Mr. *Coupee*, have liv'd all your Life-time in *London*; but I assure you, you are Cousin-Germans; let me introduce you to each other.

Coup. Dear Cousin *Quaver*.

Quaver.

Quaver. Dear Cousin *Coupee*.

Blift. It's but a Blow and a Kifs with these Sparks, I find.

Coup. I thought there was something about him I could not hurt.

Good. Here is another Relation too, whom you do not know. This is Mr. *Blifter*, Son to your Uncle *Blifter* the Apothecary.

Coup. I hope you will excuse our Ignorance.

Blift. Yes, Cousin, with all my Heart, since there is no harm come on't; but if you will take my Advice, you shall both immediately lose some Blood, and I will order each of you a gentle Purge.

Enter Wormwood.

Worm. Your Servant, Cousin *Goodwill*! How do you do, Master *Coupee*? How do you do, Master *Blifter*? The Roads are very dirty, but I obey your Summons, you see.

Good. Mr. *Quaver*, this is your Cousin *Wormwood*, the Attorney.

Worm. I am very glad to see you, Sir. I suppose, by so many of our Relations being assembled, this is a Family Law-suit I am come upon. I shall be glad to have my Instructions as soon as possible, for I must carry away some of your Neighbours Goods with Executions by and by.

Good. I sent for you on the Account of no Law-suit this time. In short, I have resolv'd to dispose of my Daughter to one of my Relations; if you like
like

like her, Cousin *Wormwood*, with 10,000*l*, and you should happen to be her Choice——

Blift. That's impossible, for she has promis'd me already.

Coup. And me.

Quav. And me.

Worm. How! has she promis'd three of you? Why then, the two that miss her, will have very good Actions against him that has her.

Good. Her own Choice must determine; and if that fall on you, Mr. *Blister*, I must insist on your leaving off your Trade, and living here with me.

Blift. No, Sir, I cannot consent to leave off my Trade.

Good. Pray, Gentlemen, is not the Request reasonable?

All. Oh, certainly, certainly.

Coup. Ten thousand Pounds to an Apothecary, indeed!

Quav. Not leave off his Trade!

Coup. If I had been an Apothecary, I believe I should not have made many Words.

Good. I dare swear you will not, Cousin, if she shou'd make Choice of you.

Coup. There is some Difference tho' between us; mine is a genteel Profession, and I shall not leave it off on any Account.

Good. I'll be judg'd by Mr. *Quaver* here, who has been abroad and seen the World.

Quav. Very reasonable, very reasonable—This Man, I see, has excellent Sense, and can distinguish between Arts and Sciences.

Good. I am confident it would not be easy to prevail on you to continue the ridiculous Art of Teaching People to sing.

Quav. Ridiculous Art of Teaching to sing! Do you call Musick an Art, which is the noblest of all Sciences? I thought you a Man of Sense, but I find——

Coup. And I find too.

Bliss. And so do I.

Worm. Well, it is surprising that Men should be such Fools, that they should hesitate at leaving off their Professions for 10,000l.

Good. Cousin *Wormwood*, you will leave off your Practice, I am sure.

Worm. Indeed, Sir, but I will not. I hope you don't put me upon a Footing with Fiddlers and Dancing-Masters. No Man need be ashamed of marrying his Daughter to a Practitioner of the Law. What wou'd you do without Lawyers? Who'd know his own Property?

Bliss. Or without Physicians, who'd know when he was well?

Coup. If it was not for Dancing-Masters, Men might as well walk upon their Heads, as their Heels.

Quav. And if it was not for Singing-Masters, they might as well have been all born dumb.

Good,

Good. Ha! Confusion! What do I see! my Daughter in the Hands of that Fellow!

Enter Lucy and Mr. Thomas.

Lucy. Pray, Papa, give me your Blessing: I hope you won't be angry with me, but I am married to *Mr. Thomas*.

Good. Oh *Lucy, Lucy!* Is this the Return you make to my Fatherly Fondness?

Lucy. Dear Papa, forgive me, I won't do so any more.—Indeed I should have been perjured, if I had not had him.—And I had not had him neither, but that he met me when I was frighten'd, and did not know what I did.

Good. To marry a Footman!

Tho. Why, look ye, Sir, I am a Footman, 'tis true, but I have good Acquaintance in Life. I have kept very good Company at the Hazard-table; and when I have other Cloaths on, and Money in my Pocket, they will be very glad to see me again.

Worm. Hark ye, *Mr. Goodwill*; your Daughter is an Heiress. I'll put you in a way to prosecute this Fellow.

Bliss. Did not you promise me, Madam?

Coup. Ay, did not you promise me, Madam?

Quav. And me too!

Lucy. You have none of you any Reason to complain; if I did promise you all, I promis'd him first.

Worm. Look ye, Gentlemen, if any of you will
E 2 employ

Employ me, I'll undertake we shall recover part of her Fortune.

Quav. If you had given your Daughter a good Education, and let her learnt Musick, it wou'd have put softer things into her Head.

Blift. This comes of your contempt of Physic. If she had been kept in a Diet, with a little gentle Bleeding, and Purgings, and Vomiting, and Blistering, this had never happen'd.

Worm. You shou'd have sent her to Town a Term or two, and taken Lodgings for her near the *Temple*, that she might have conversed with the young Gentlemen of the Law and seen the World.

AIR. XI. BUSH OF BOON.

Lucy. *Oh dear Papa! don't look so grum;
 Forgive me, and be good:
 For tho' he's not so great as some,
 He still is Flesh and Blood.
 What tho' he's not so fine as Beaus,
 In Gold and Silver gay;
 Yet he, perhaps, without their Cloaths,
 May have more Charms than they.*

Tho. Your Daughter has married a Man of some Learning, and one who has seen a little of the World, and who by his Love to her, and Obedience to you, will try to deserve your Favours. As for my having worn a Livery, let not that grieve you; as I have liv'd

liv'd in a great Family, I have seen that no one is respected for what he is, but for what he has; the World pays no Regard at present to any thing but Money, and if my own Industry shou'd add to your Fortune, so as to entitle any of my Posterity to Grandeur, it will be no Reason against making my Son, or Grandson a Lord, that his Father, or Grandfather, was a Footman.

Good. Ha! thou talk'st like a pretty sensible Fellow, and I don't know whether my Daughter has not made a better Choice, than she cou'd have done among her Booby Relations. I shall suspend my Judgment at present, and pass it hereafter, according to your Behaviour.

The. I will try to deserve it shou'd be in my Favour.

Worm. I hope, Cousin, you don't expect I shou'd lose my Time. I expect Six and Eight Pence for my Journey.

Good. Thy Profession, I see, has made a Knave of whom Nature meant a Fool. Well, I am now convinc'd, 'tis less difficult to raise a Fortune, than to find one worthy to inherit it.

AIR XII. *The YORKSHIRE BALLAD.*

B L I S T E R.

*Had your Daughter been physick'd well, Sir, as she ought,
With Bleeding, and Blis'ring, and Vomit, and Draught,
This Footman had never been once in her Thought,
With his Down, down, &c.*

COUPLET.

COUPEE.

*Had pretty Miss been at a Dancing-School bred,
 Had her Feet but been taught the right Manner to tread,
 God's Curse! 'twould have put better things in her Head.
 Than his Down, down, &c.*

QUAVER.

*Had she learnt, like fine Ladies, instead of her Prayers,
 To languish and die at Italian soft Airs,
 A Footman had never thus tickled her Ears,
 With his Down, down, &c.*

LUCY.

*You may Physic, and Music, and Dancing enhance,
 In One I have got them all three by good Chance,
 My Doctor he'll be, and he'll teach me to Dance,
 With his Down, down, &c.*

*And tho' soft Italians the Ladies controul,
 He swears he can charm a fine Lady, by Gole!
 More than an Italian can do for his Soul,
 With a Down, down, &c.*

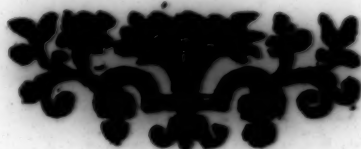
*My Fate then, Spectators, hangs on your Decree;
 I have brought kind Papa here, at last to agree;
 If you'll pardon the Poet, he will pardon me,
 With my Down, down, &c.*

*Let not a poor Farce then nice Critics pursue,
But like honest-hearted good-natur'd Men do,
And clap to please us, who have sweat to please you,
With our Down, down, &c.*

CHORUS.

Let not a poor Farce then, &c.

F I N I S.



COUPÉE.

*Had pretty Miss been at a Dancing-School bred,
 Had her Feet but been taught the right Manner to tread,
 God's Curse! 'twould have put better things in her Head.
 Than his Down, down, &c.*

QUAVER.

*Had she learnt, like fine Ladies, instead of her Prayers,
 To languish and die at Italian soft Airs,
 A Footman had never thus tickled her Ears,
 With his Down, down, &c.*

LUCY.

*You may Physic, and Music, and Dancing enhance,
 In One I have got them all three by good Chance,
 My Doctor he'll be, and he'll teach me to Dance,
 With his Down, down, &c.*

*And tho' soft Italians the Ladies controul,
 He swears he can charm a fine Lady, by Gole!
 More than an Italian can do for his Soul,
 With a Down, down, &c.*

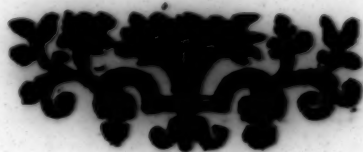
*My Fate then, Spectators, hangs on your Decree;
 I have brought kind Papa here, at last to agree;
 If you'll pardon the Poet, he will pardon me,
 With my Down, down, &c.*

*Let not a poor Farce then nice Critics pursue,
But like honest-hearted good-natur'd Men do,
And clap to please us, who have sweat to please you,
With our Down, down, &c.*

CHORUS.

Let not a poor Farce then, &c.

F I N I S.



**BOOKS Printed for and Sold by A. MILLAR,
in the Strand.**

COMEDIES, by Henry Fielding, Esq;

THE Miser. — Love in several Masques. — The Author's Farce, and Pleasures of the Town. — The Modern Husband. — The Universal Gallant: Or, The Different Husbands. — Don Quixote in England. — The Coffee-House Politician: Or, The Justice caught in his own Trap. — The Temple Beau. — Pasquin, a Dramatic Satire on the Times. — The Grub-street Opera. — The Wedding Day.

FARCES, by Henry Fielding, Esq;

The Tragedy of Tragedies: Or, The Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great. — The Intriguing Chamber-Maid. — The Lottery. — The Letter-Writers: Or, A new Way to keep a Wife at Home. — The Covent-Garden Tragedy. — The Mock-Doctor: Or, The Dumb-Lady Cured. — The Debauchees: Or, the Jesuit caught. — The Historical Register, for the Year 1736. To which is added, A very merry Tragedy, call'd Eurydice His'd: Or, A Word to the Wife. — Tumble-Down Dick: Or, Phaeton in the Suds. — Miss Lucy in Town.

Miscellanies. By Henry Fielding, Esq; In 3 vols.

Containing.

- Vol. I. All his Works in Verse, and some short Essays in Prose.
Vol. II. A Journey from this World to the next, &c.
Vol. III. The History of that truly renowned Person *Jonathan Wild*, Esq; In which not only his Character, but that of divers other great Personages of his Time, are set in a just and true Light.

The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling. By Henry Fielding, Esq; A New Edition, in 4 vols.

The History of the Adventures of Joseph Andrews, and his Friend Mr. Abraham Adams. Written in Imitation of the Manner of Cervantes, Author of Don Quixote. The Sixth Edition, revised and corrected, with Alterations and Additions, and Illustrated with Cuts. By Henry Fielding, Esq; 2 vols.

Amelia. By Henry Fielding, Esq; in 4 vols.

The Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon. By Henry Fielding, Esq;

The Adventures of David Simple: Containing an Account of his Travels through the Cities of London and Westminster, in the Search of a Real Friend. By a Lady. The 2d Edition, revised and corrected, with Alterations and Additions; and a Preface by Henry Fielding, Esq; 3 vols.

The Third Volume may be had alone.

The Dramatick Works of Henry Fielding, Esq; in 3 vols. Containing 22 Comedies and Farces.



